

V.

Here are Volumes of *Atbeism* and Treason,
For the Service of *Belzebub*,
That lately were much in Season,
And hatch'd in the K---t C---t Club :
Whole Reams of *Observators*,
And as many more of *Reviews*,
And a Thousand such like Papers,
Full of Lies and *Whigish* News,
Says Old Simon, &c.

VI.

Revolution-Doctrines great Store,
For by such Doctrines as these,
Any Government you may turn o'er,
And make Revolutions when you please.
Here's a Pair of Lawn Sleeves of great Cost,
Prepared for *Limping B---n Ho---dly*,
But since his Bishoprick's lost
They'd become him but somewhat odly,
Says Old Simon, &c.

VII.

Here's a *Rochet* with *Scotch*-Cloath Sleeves,
Belongs to a Man of great State,
Whom No body now believes,
His Credit's so sunk of late.
He's a Pr---l---te of Muckle Worth,
And a Preacher of many Words,
Who can one Thing in the Pulpit Hold-forth,
And another in the House of L---ds,
Says Old Simon, &c.

VIII.

Two Faces here are in one Hood,
Oft worn by a Noble L---d,
The one bad, and the other seems good,
Yer neither are worth a T---rd :
The one with Looks grave demure,
When he *Cants* with *Fanaticks* he takes,
The other puts on to be sure,
When he Drinks and Whores with the Rakes,
Says Old Simon, &c.

IX.

Here's General St---pe's great Bridle,
With which he would Curb the Crown ;
On the Church he clapp'd the Saddle,
But the Jade She threw him down :
Here's *Coop---r's* Box of Pills,
With which he would purge the Nation,
With others to cure his own Ills,
When he fluxes for Fornication,
Says Old Simon the King, &c.

X.

Paradoxical Projects come buy,
[Tho' perhaps you'll think 'em a Jest]
How to keep out Popery,
By taking away the Test ;
And how to secure the Throne,
Without any Man's Assistance,
By beating Obedience down,
And setting up Resistance,
Says Old Simon the King,
And Young Simon the King,
With a Thread-bare-Coat, and a Malmsey-Nose,
Sing, Hey ding ding a ding, ding.

XI.

Here's a naturalizing Bill,
To invite all Strangers o'er,
Our Towns and Cities to fill,
With *Whiggs* and foreign Poor :
To promote and establish this,
Was made many delicate Speech,
But when it repealed is,
It may serve to wipe your Br---ch,
Says Old Simon, &c.

XII.

Here's a general Med'cine of late,
Prescrib'd by some State-*Physicians*,
To cure all the Ills of the State,
And put us in good Condition :
'Tis made up of Fanatical Zeal,
With Conformity on Occasion,
And Lying and Cheating mix'd well,
With Malice and Moderation,
Says Old Simon, &c.

XIII.

Wou'd you do any kind of Evil ?
Or work Mischeif for a State Jobb ?
Here are Charms to raise the Devil,
And *Pageants* to raise the Mobb :
But have a great Care how ye use 'em,
For these are dangerous Tools,
And some who did lately abuse them
Have found themselves but Fools,
Says Old Simon, &c.

XIV.

For any mischeivous Jobb,
Old *Nick* he will quickly come ;
But neither he nor the Mobb,
Can be sent so quickly home,
Some mighty *Nimrod's* of State,
Who hunted the *Clergy* like Rogues,
Were near to *Atleon's* Fate,
To be worried by their own Dogs,
Says Old Simon, &c.

XV.

Would ye have good Learning thrive ?
Send to private Education ;
Would ye have Religion live ?
Set up private Ordination,
The establish'd Church we doubt
Is the Object of your Anger,
But if you wou'd cut it's Throat,
First Vote it is out of Danger,
Says Old Simon, &c.

XVI.

Here are Twenty good Projects more,
Which ne'er could be brought to pass,
To joyn *Whiggs* with *Tories* in Power,
And plow with an Ox and an As :
At which the *Whiggs* look'd big,
And swore they would throw out the *Tories*,
But the *Tories* have thrown out the *Whiggs*,
And there's an End of my Story,
Says Old Simon the King,
And Young Simon the King,
With a Thread bare Coat and Malmsey-Nose,
Sing, Hey ding, ding a ding, ding.

(1)

Trick for Trick ;

OR, THE

Hasty Cuckold.

Dedicated to the Greatest in Christendom.

A Certain Man, (no matter who
That had a neat and handsome
(Frow,
Such jealousy Possess'd his
(Brain,
He thought his Forehead was in pain,
And more and more he did suggest,
That she made him a Horned Beast :
With that as *Hasty Cuckolds* do,
Contriv'd a way to find it so,
That he the naked Truth might know. }
Goes to his Wife with open Arms,
And Crys, *How happy are your Charms,*
Above all Mankind, I am Blest,
With Loving Wife, the very Best ;
But as the dearest Friends must must part,
I'm come to leave with you my Heart,
Because a journey I am going
To fetch some Money that is owing,
But pray by Honey do not Mourn,
For in one Week I shall return
The Wife, as other Women do,
seem'd mighty sorry it should be so,
But took her leave with feigned Tears,

Mind with as many sweet and Dears.
But glad when he was gone from home,
While she enjoy'd her Neighbour, *Tom*.
But *Fortune* that unconstant Bitch,
That favours Fools and makes them Rich,
At Random all her smiles dispences,
Without regard to Consequences :
I say, this Blind and heedless Jade,
Who often spoils an honest Trade ;
As if *Old-Nick* and she were bent,
To Cross a Woman's good intent ;
Brought back the Husband home that
(Night
The Wife had chose for her Delight,
When *Tom* about an Hour before,
Was let in at the Garden-Door,
The jealous Man as mute as Mouse,
Walk't round, and round, about the House ;
And list'n'd like a Sow 'ith Barn,
To hear what secrets he cou'd Learn.
His Head as full of Jealousies,
As Mites within a rotten Cheese,
And knowing where her Bed was plac'd,
Got to the Window in great haste, And